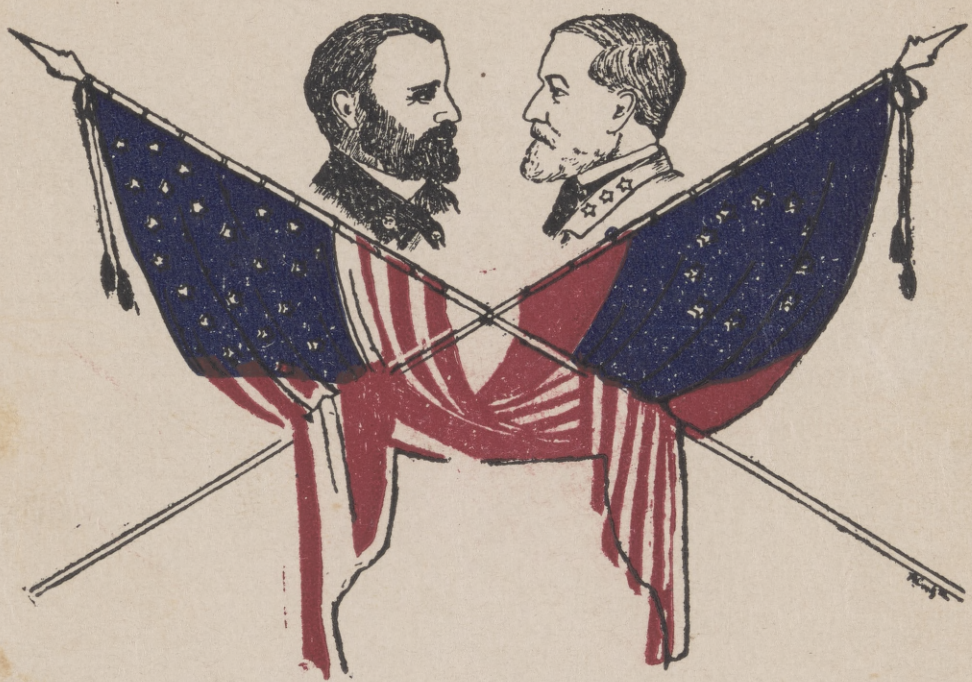

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

Civil War Number

of the

Blue and Gray

IN RECOGNITION OF PRINCIPLES
REPRESENTED BY OUR FIRST GRADUATES

PRESS OF THE MOUNTAIN VIEW REGISTER-LEADER

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Mrs. Lessemann
Mr. Lindsay
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THE FACULTY

The Blue and Gray

Mary Anna

SPRING had come. Everything was fresh and green. All about the old colonial home, the grass had begun to creep through the ground and the buds were bursting on the trees. Here and there a half-blown rose could have been seen. In one corner of the garden stood a tall stately elm. Under it wild violets turned their tearful faces up as if listening to the wind rustling through its leaves. In the midst of this beautiful garden stood the old colonial home of the Winstons. The stately pillars stood out in the bright sunlight. Easy chairs and hammocks made the broad veranda most homelike. Indeed it seemed as if the old mansion was guarding the surrounding buildings.

At this time confusion reigned about the place. The two boys, Frank and Will, were going to the War. They were to leave in two days. Only their mother and Mary Anna and the servants remained. The mother gave her best for her country, knowing the price of war.

On the afternoon before Frank and Will were to leave, all gathered upon the veranda. The mother sat in the midst of the happy circle. Mary Anna's dark hair glistened in thr sunlight as she nodded gayly at her brothers' bright, happy remarks. How happy they all seemed. They did not seem to fear the War. Only in the mother's heart lurked that fear that she might be giving her boys up forever.

"Mary Anna, have you heard that Jack Stanton has turned traitor," said Frank.

"What! Jack turned traitor!" cried Mary Anna clasping her hands to her heart as if an intense pain had seized her there. Mary Anna and Jack Stanton had been playmates all through their childhood, and now that they had reached womanhood and manhood they found that their love had only deepened.

"Yes, Colonel Johnson said this morning that Jack told him that he could not turn against the flag he had served so long. Never mind, Sister, Jack will come and tell you this afternoon," said Frank as he noted the pale face of his sister.

"Thank you, Frank. I don't care to see a traitor" said Mary Anna

scornfully, as she turned and went into the house.

"Son. don't tease your sister, now. She is having a hard time as it is," gently reminded his mother. "But, Frank, is it true that Jack has turned against his state?"

"Yes, Mother, I am afraid so. I talked with him for a long time last evening. It seemed to me that he was too doubtful. Then Colonel Johnson told me this morning that Jack had deserted us. The traitor! I thought that he, of all, would remain true."

"Oh, son, don't judge him too harshly. Surely, there must be some mistake. I can't believe that of Jack. Poor Mary Anna! It will break her heart" cried the mother.

That afternoon, Mary Anna slipped away from the house and walked through the orchard that lay back of the negroes' quarters.

"I cannot love a traitor," she cried over and over as she walked under the old apple trees where she and Jack had gathered so many apples. "But why, Oh why, was he not true! He surely had no love for me or for the South. The traitor! To think that you, Mary Anna Winston, should ever have loved such a man. Where's your patriotism? Where's your love for your two brave brothers who are giving their lives for the cause you love so well? Where's your pride in your beautiful Southland? I will not see him this afternoon, I won't go to the house when he comes."

While Mary Anna was thus arguing with herself, Jack Stanton was coming across the orchard to meet her, His pale, sad face told of the struggle he had passed through. But the determined look in his eyes showed that he had made his decision, and nothing could change him,

"What would Mary Anna say? Would she turn away from him as all the others had done? Could he remain true if she, if Mary Anna deserted him?" Such were Jack's thoughts as he came around the huge old oak that stood in the middle of the orchard. There was Mary Anna coming toward him. She did not see him for her head was bent in deep study. He watched her as she came nearer and nearer. Could he give her up? At last Mary Anna looked up and found that she was facing the one whom she had determined never to meet again,

"Mary Anna!" said Jack in a low voice. I came to tell you that I am going north very soon. Mary Anna you would want me to do what I believed to be right, wouldn't you? I wanted to come and tell you before you heard others talking about it. Mary Anna I believe that the Union should be strong, and that it cannot be made so unless all the states remain loyal I can't be a true patriot even to my own state and desert the old flag I have served so long. It is hard to leave you whom I love more than anything else in this world. You will not judge me as the others have will you? God helping me and caring for me, I will return to you, Mary Anna." Jack's voice was low and pleading as if now he turned to her as the last hope. Mary Anna stood erect with her head high. Her blue eyes flashed above her flaming cheeks.

"Go!" she said in a passionate voice. "You have made your choice. If you do not love me, if yon do not love the South well enough to fight for us, you are not worthy to be called a patriot. Go! I wish that I had nover

known you." With this Mary Anna turned and left him.

Jack staggered as if some one had struck him. He watched her until she reached the house, then he slowly turned and stumbled across the orchard. He climbed the fence and threw himself down into the tall grass of the meadow land. He buried his face in his arms and silent sobs shook his body. For a long time he remained there, praying to God that he might do the right. At last he grew quiet, and a look of determination came into his face. He had overcome the temptation and would do his duty no matter what the cost might be.

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Three long weary years had passed since the day Mary Anna had turned from Jack. The war was over. The South had lost. Ah! it had been an awful struggle, not only for those at the front but, also, for the brave ones at home. How many a mother's son, a loved one, had gone down in the struggle! How many hopeful hearts waited in vain for the return of loved ones!

Silence reigned all about the old plantation. Where was the beautiful garden? Where had the home-like appearance gone that could have been seen about the house three years before? All was desolate. Everywhere about the once stately mansion, there seemed to be only ruin.

Again Mary Anna slipped away and walked through the old orchard. How changed the was! No longer the gay, happy, carefree Mary Anna of three years ago, but a sad broken hearted woman. Ah! the desolation of war, that it should leave one so young, so helpless, alone to struggle against the world.

Mary Anna was thinking of the day she walked last in the orchard. That day she turned away from Jack, Was he still alive? Did he still love her? Had God spared him? Would he return to her? Her great love for him had triumphed in spite of her determination. She had heard that several of the soldiers who had gone North, had returned, Would it be too much to hope that Jack might be one of them?

As Mary Anna neared the old oak, a tall handsome young man in the Northern uniform stepped from behind it and came toward her with outstretched arms.

"Mary Anna!" said Jack tenderly.

For an instant, Nary Anna stared at him, then she bowed her head and wept as she had not been able to weep for months. Jack went to her and, taking her in his arms, gently stroked her hair until she grew calm.

"Oh! Jack! Jack! They have all gone, All have been taken from me and I thought that you too had been taken," she sobbed.

"No, my beloved, no! God was good to me and allowed me to return to you" whispered Jack.

At last Mary Anna grew calm and told him of all that had happened during the awful three years. Suddenly she turned and looked at his uniform,

"Yes, dear. Can you take me in my uniform?" he asked smiling down at her.

The radiant look in her eyes was all the answer he needed.

M. E. R. '12,

The Vision

ONCE upon an evening cheerful as I studied weak, and fearful
Over stacks and stacks of historic lore
I may have nodded, but I doubt it, quite suddenly, some one shouted.
It came so suddenly I was routed, so of course it made me sore,
"Stranger," says I calmly, "beat it if you wish to save your gore.
I'm a terror when I'm sore.

I'd been studying the Caesers and a lot of other geasers.
Studying men and things that make our history a bore.
To be bothered during study would annoy most anybody
So to prevent further bother I went over to the door
With my book in hand, I went and opened wide my study door.
Just to give the guy "what for."

Then into the moonlight gazing I beheld a sight amazing
For, before my eyes, was passing, just as in the days of yore
Lines of soldiers foot and mounted, Kings and Lords I also counted.
"Surely," quoth I, "this is Barnum's. Don't they advertise? Gol darn 'em!
Do you think I'd miss the circus if I'd known of it before?
What care I for ancient lore?"

Now it struck me that the passing pageant was what I'd been sassing
And here were all the famous men I'd read of oft before.
Not a circus as it first seemed; how the blood within my heart teemed,
I was gazing on the heroes who had reached the other shore!
Kings and statesmen, men of battle who had reached the other shore!
Never such parade before.

There were Egypt's haughty Pharaohs, Indians with bows and arrows—
And I recognized Napoleon, and others, by the score.
Not a minute stopped or stayed they, never a sign or signal made they,
But with haughty mien proceeded quickly past my study door.
Then the scene was gone and nothing was outside my study door.
All was silent as before.

Then into my study turning, where my study lamp was burning,
I reflected that I'd seen what man had never seen before
Then a keener interest feeling (no more time from study stealing)
I returned to what I formerly had thought an awful bore;
For what stude does not think history an awful bore?
It is what I now adore!

Chas. H. Moore, '12

Love's Old, Sweet Song

"Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the earth the mists began to fall."

FOR a while Jack Benton's pen wrote across his paper scratchily without a pause. When it is necessary to finish a certain piece of copying in one evening a climbing young lawyer can not afford to allow himself to be annoyed by people who take inopportune times to sing. Once the song was sung through, then there was a moment's pause, and again it was started by the same person.

Jack threw down his pen in disgust. "Well!" he exclaimed, "somebody must be very fond of that old thing. It sure sounds as though Mrs. Harding had a new boarder at last. Wonder who it is; a woman, and she hasn't such a bad voice either. I certainly wish she would stop singing until I get this done. There! At last! Maybe I can finish this now."

Again he began to write. A third time that obnoxious person took up the song.

"I really believe it is in the next room," he said, stopping to listen. "Yes, I am sure it is. Whoever it is has got to be quiet. I wonder if they would like a gentle hint. At any rate I'll see" he decided, looking around. His eyes lighted on a book solid but not too heavy. In a moment it hit the opposite wall with a heavy thud which must have been heard in the next room. However, the hint was not taken. The person sang on as though no crash had ever been heard. At the end of the last verse Jack waited the customary moment. There was no sound. With a sigh of relief he returned to his writing.

As he was leaving his room the next morning he saw the maid leave the next room with an empty breakfast tray.

"Oh, ho," said he, "so I didn't merely dream that I was serenaded last night. I actually have a new neighbor. Its about time. No one has been in that room since last summer. Well, I wonder who this person with a voice is. What's the difference. I'll find out soon enough." Thus thinking he left the house and soon forgot all about the incident.

Evening came and he was once more busy in his room. At exactly nine o clock the woman in the next room began to sing.
Again it was "Love's Old Sweet Song."

"This beats the Dutch, sure. How am I going to get my work done if Miss Singer insists on singing that song eternally?"

In a short time there was a knock at the door. Miss Singer had just finished her third round. On opening the door he found standing there Miss Jenks who occupied the second room from his.

"Oh, Mr. Benton," she cried, "what do you suppose it is that sings so gruesomely? Do you think it could be a ghost? I am so frightened I don't know what to do. There it starts again! What can it be? I just know it is a ghost or a spirit of some kind for I know the room is not occupied! In fact I remember there is something strange connected with it!

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Jenks. I happen to know that the room is occupied. You can be quite certain there are no ghosts there. I think it is just some poor woman who is lonesome and takes this way of amusing herself."

"Do you really think so? Well, then I'll go back, but I am mighty glad I leave here to-morrow."

By the time Miss Jenks reached her own room all sounds of singing had ceased.

After thinking a few moments Benton decided, "Anyhow, I'll speak to Mrs. Harding about this affair. I'm not going to have every evening spoiled because some woman wants to sing the same song over and over. If she varied the program a little it wouldn't be so bad.

"Mrs. Harding, may I speak to you a moment?" he asked as he rose from the breakfast table the next morning.

"Surely, surely, Mr. Benton, Now what can I do for you?" She inquired all in a flutter as she followed him into the hall.

"It seems a very small matter to speak about when I come to say it, but for two nights now I have been disturbed by the woman who occupies the room next to mine singing the same song over and over. My time is valuable in the evening and I cannot be disturbed. Will you please tend to this?"

"Certainly, Mr. Benton. I am very sorry this has happened for I like to have everything comfortable for my boarders. To tell you the real truth, I never knew she sang. Certainly I shall speak to her about it."

"Thank you very much."

It was while thinking he would not be disturbed that evening that Jack mounted the stairs to his room. Miss Coburt, a fellow-boarder and very good friend, in fact his most influential friend and client, was coming down. Without a glance at him she passed by, looking at the front door as though it were the first time she had seen it.

The cordial "Good-evening" on his lips stopped in amazement.

"Well, this is queer," he murmured. "That was certainly an open cut. Now what have I done to hurt her. I'll have to see. Yes, I passed the butter to her first, that can't be it. Maybe I have insulted her by paying too much attention to old Mrs. Banks."

So he retraced his steps to the boarding-house parlor where the offended maiden lady had taken refuge with her knitting. She did not give him a glance as he entered.

"Good-evening, Miss Coburt. Didn't you see me on the stairs as you came down? I have a piece of very good news for you about your property."

"Yes, I did see you on the stairs and I would be very thankful if you would depart from here. I might as well state now that in the future my business will be transacted by some one else."

"But, my dear Miss Coburt, I am unaware that I have done anything to call for this measure. If I have offended you in any way I am sincerely sorry for it and apologize. But won't you please tell me what I have done?"

"You have insulted me, an unprotected lady. I have found out that you are no gentleman. If you were you would have come straight to me if you had any complaints to make instead of appealing to Mrs. Harding."

"But——"

"Oh, there is no need to explain." Miss Coburt was on the verge of tears. "I understand perfectly. You are just trying to force me out of this house, but the reason for it I don't understand. You will please explain the reason you tell falsehoods about me to Mrs. Harding."

"But, Miss Coburt, I don't understand in the least. What do you mean? You must be mistaken for I have never had any reason to complain about you to Mrs. Harding, nor would I have done so about such a good friend as you have been to me. I am sure there is a misunderstanding some where."

"No, there can't be. Mrs. Harding said distinctly that Mr. Benton had complained of my singing a song. over and over, every evening in my room. Mrs. Harding would not lie and that is a downright falsehood for you know as well as I do that I don't sing."

Benton burst out laughing, "Why Miss Coburt, it was Mrs. Harding who misunderstood me. I said that the woman in the next room to mine disturbs me. She thought I meant you when I meant the woman who occupies the room on the other side of mine."

"Oh, is that it? Well, I am sure I am sorry this happened. It did seem strange that a nice man like you should do such an ungentlemanly deed."

"I am very glad that all has been cleared up now."

As Mrs. Harding had left the house earlier in the evening, he had no chance to explain the matter to her and so he again mounted the stairs to his room. In the mysterious room he heard the same, sad, patient voice singing its usual song in the usual way. It did not take Jack long to decide not to try to work that evening and as the strange person ceased singing he was sound asleep. But suddenly in the night he sat straight up in bed. What could be the matter? Then in the intense quiet he heard again distinctly.

"Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the earth the mists began to fall---"

and on to the close.

"Well," he murmured as he turned over to fall asleep once more, "whoever is in there is plain crazy and no mistake and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

In the hall next morning he encountered Mrs. Harding.

"Good-morning, Mr. Benton," she said, "I hope you had a pleasant evening and were not disturbed. I spoke to Miss Coburt about it and she was quite insulted, saying she never sang and the like, but you mustn't let that bother you for you have your rights as well as she."

"But you made a mistake, Mrs. Harding. You see I didn't mean Miss Coburt, but the woman in the room on the other side of mine. I really think

she is slightly insane for last night I heard her singing in the middle of the night."

Mrs. Harding stared at him as though the same adjective might be applied to him. "Why, Mr. Benton, you must have imagined all this. I rented that room last Monday to a very respectable old man of sixty years. I am positive there is no one in that room but Mr. Ogden."

"Well, I don't know anything about that, but I do know there is a woman in there who sings, "Love's Old Sweet Song" in exactly the same manner every evening. But, of course if you don't believe it I will have to prove it to you. Suppose you come up to my room at about nine this evening. If some remarkable change has not taken place I think I can prove to you that I am right."

"Very well, I will come, though I do not see how this can be so. It is very queer. Are you sure that the sound doesn't come from the other house?"

"Yes, I am positive."

"However, in spite of her disbelief, at the time appointed, Mrs. Harding presented herself at Benton's door, just as the person was beginning to sing. For five minutes she stood with her mouth open in amazement. Then she suddenly ejaculated, "Well!"

"Now," said Benton, "perhaps you will agree with me that it is rather trying to have this go on night after night."

"The first thing in the morning this shall be attended to. I really didn't believe you when you spoke about it again this morning and I feel now as though I were dreaming. But—" Mrs. Harding paused and never finished the sentence for there was a loud mash and then a cry of "Help! Help! Somebody come quick!"

It was the voice of a man. In a moment both Jack and Mrs. Harding were in the next room.

On the floor lay a man, perhaps about sixty years old, attired in a faded red bath-robe; and on top of him lay a—phonograph!

To the questions which followed quickly Mr. Ogden explained, "You see I can't sleep very well at nights so I got this phonograph and every night I play "Love's Old Sweet Song" on it. It is the only thing that makes me sleep. But this evening I reached over to make it go again and I caught my foot in the table leg and down I went phonograph and all. It looks as though the machine was pretty well smashed, and the record is broken too What a shame!"

"Thank goodness," muttered Jack.

Florence Hoerning, '14

Bill's Dream

FOR five long months not a drop of rain had fallen. Not a single spear of grass remained on the great ranges of the BIIX cattle ranch. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had there been such a year as this. In all previous years, there had been at least enough moisture to provide good feed throughout the summer months but this winter only about three fourths of an inch had fallen, and now the parched plains simmered under the blistering heat of a June day.

Great, gaunt herds of lean cattle stood listlessly gazing across the level ground. Many, indeed, had already ceased to gaze and their bony frames lay silent on the hot earth, while high above circled three or four buzzards. Now and then a long weak "moo" came from a half starved cow with a tiny weakling calf at her side. Then she would stray slowly in near the ranch house, to get one last drink from the stagnant little pool formed by the water which flowed from the spring in the back yard.

Bill Kennedy sat on the little side porch. He was leaning forward, his chin resting in his hands, with his eyes turned toward the distant hills. Six months ago Bill was as fine a looking man as any one could wish to see. Six months ago he was a big six foot man with broad shoulders and ruddy tanned face. Now he was in scarcely better condition than the dying cattle on the ranges. Now, sallow and stooped, he presented a far different appearance than before. For five long months he had eagerly scanned the horizon in search of rain clouds; clouds which could relieve the thousands of dumb brutes now suffering untold miseries. Only that morning Bill had fed his last fork of hay to old "Mule," his favorite milch cow, and now it was past human power to do more.

Bill turned slowly about and glanced at the thermometer. One hundred and two degrees it registered, and only nine o'clock! He wearily arose and walked slowly toward the barn.

All that day the sun seared the few remaining weeds and at night sank in a sickly haze, far to the west, bringing slight relief to the suffering thousands, although there were many to whom relief had already come. Little calves and old cows scattered here and there bore mute testimony to the terrible heat and dryness.

As the sun disappeared into the west, Bill emerged from the shanty and with bowed head, once more walked slowly to the barn.

"Oh God! Oh God! how will this end," he moaned as he removed his sombrero and wiped his moist forehead. At the door, Bill paused, took a sweeping glance at the countless numbers of motionless, suffering beasts

stretched away into the distance as far as eye could reach, and then entered the barn, and climbed slowly into the empty loft. Here Bill did a thing which he had never done since his early childhood. Bill Kennedy knelt down and prayed. Yes, with bared head prayed earnestly to God for rain. Then he went over to where the eaves were low and layed down to sleep.

For several hours Bill dreamed of his cattle, and as he moaned and tossed on the hard boards he muttered, "Oh, some rain, just a little rain." Then he would utter words about his dead wife and little girl. Toward morning the man became quiet and dreamed of rain, grassy fields, and happy cattle. Sweet dreams they were. Bill dreamed that the Arroya Grande Creek was running and the great fields were green.

Some time after daybreak Bill awoke. Slowly his dulled senses became awakened. What was that on his chest? What was that noise on the roof? Rain? Was it possible? Bill Kennedy sat bolt upright and shook himself. Yes, there was no mistake; it was raining. Then Bill fell back upon the bare floor and with the water trickling through the shrunken shingles onto his chest he thanked God for his goodness.

K. N. S. '12.

A Ray of Light

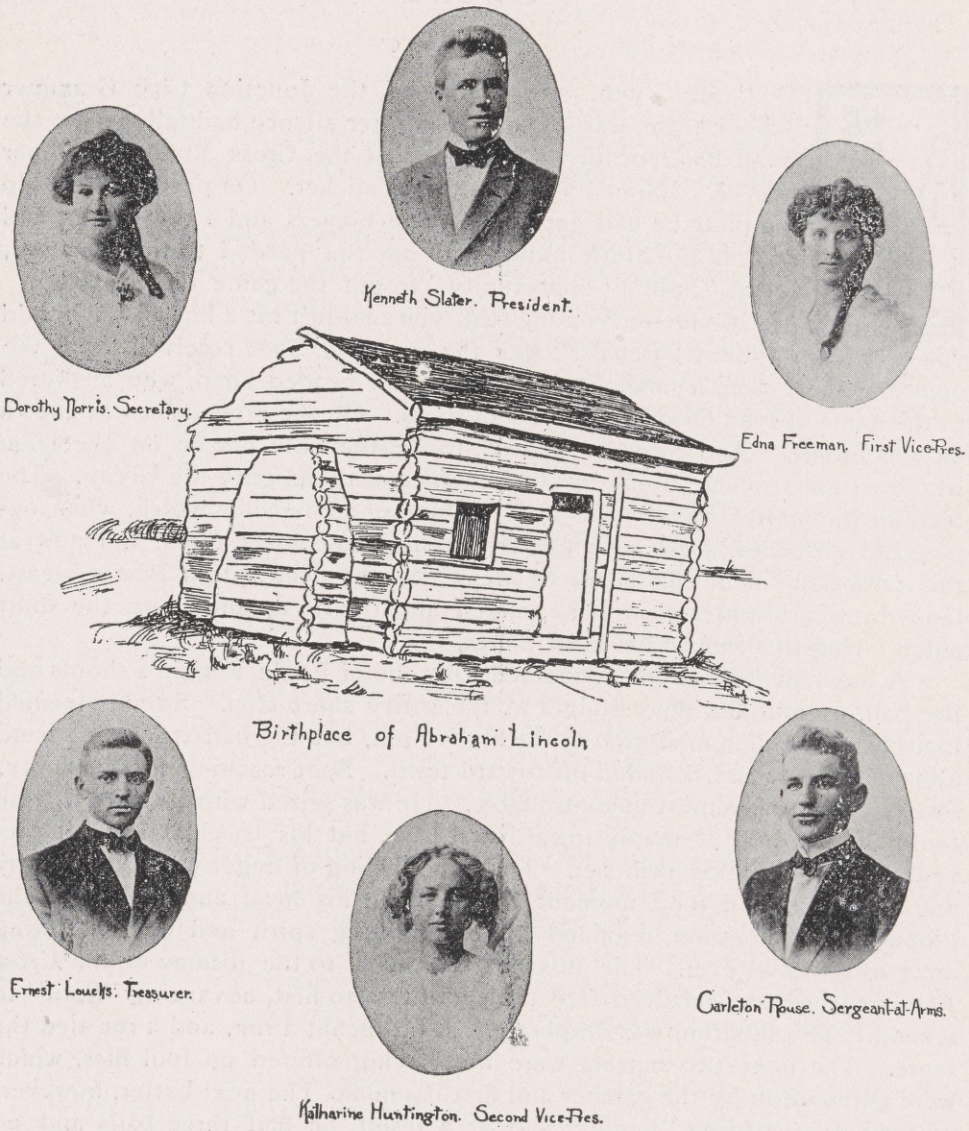
THERE came a little ray of light,
So silvery and so dim;
It fell across a tiny bed,
Where Death lay cold and grim.

It touched a little child's white face
And curls so thick and brown:
And lightly fell on the mother's form,
And softly tinged her gown.

The mother slowly raised her head:
Gazed upward in the light:
Her big eyes dimly seemed to seek
Some hope in that ray so bright.

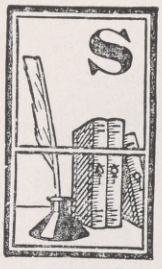
Then down upon the little form
She dropped her weary head.
Her hope had been for the Angel of Life,
But Death stalked there instead.

The little ray grew dimmer now.
And trembled in its glow:
Then, back to Mother moon it fled,
And all was dark below.



OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT BODY

Swede



"SPOT" Mc Glynn, star batter of the Junction City Grammer School team, was at bat. An utter silence had fallen over the small band of juvenile rooters of the Cross Roads Grammar School. "Spot" was a notorious sticker. On previous trips to the plate he had gathered in two homers and a two-sacker, and now, in the ninth inning, with one run needed to tie the score, it was "Spot's" opportunity "to put the game on ice."

"Come on, you big stiff, you couldn't hit a house! Where'd you ever learn to play baseball?" was the greeting Spot received from the opposing short stop, a small fiery-tempered tow-headed chap, who answered to the name of Ivan Olson in the school room. On the grounds he was known only as Swede. And Swede appeared to be the only person on the team who was not stricken dumb by the presence of the mighty Mc Glynn. The truth of the matter was, Swede had the kind of a character which, when opposed to obstacles, arose with greater strength to combat them, and now at this critical moment that spark of fire which was deap within Ivan's breast, fanned into a brighter glow as he walked impatiently up and down the short patch trying to cheer on his team mates.

A moment later, Spot connected with one of Eagle Raggio's shoots and the ball, a grounder, flew straight at the gritty short stop. Swede steadied himself and made a mad grab at the elusive pill, but the ball struck his hand a glancing blow and bounded off toward third. Spot reaching first in safety, Swede's rage was almost uncontrollable. He was seized with a desire to grab the ball and hurl it madly toward first base, but his baseball instinct prevented him from his rash act. Then the feeling of anger was displaced by one of shame, and for a moment Swede hung his head and looked at the ground. But he soon regained his old fighting spirit and was chattering away as gayly as ever. The next batter, much to the dismay of the Cross Roads enthusiasts, received free transportation to first, advancing "Spot" to second. The situation was desperate. A hit meant a run, and a run tied the score. The next two batters were out, having offered up foul flies, which were gathered in by the catcher and first baseman. The next batter, however, succeeded in rattling "Eagle," and as a result, he had three balls and no strikes. Swede tben suddenly ran over to the pitcher, whispered a few words in his ear, and returned to his position.

"Come on Eagle, put this one over, and you do it old boy. Take your time," said Swede as Raggio prepared to deliver the ball.

Spot Mc Glynn stepped off second a few feet. Swede took a sly glance at the great batter, but did not move. Mc Glynn took a longer lead; Swede made a lightning grab under the bib of his "Boss of the Roads" and leaped

at Spot while Spot lunged for second base. But the base runner was too late and Swede tagged him a yard from the bag. A great screeching, yelling, and throwing of books and hats ensued as the "Ump" cried "You're out"!

That evening as Swede passed down the long dusty lane toward his home, proudly carrying his ball and bat, he passed by the Lindsey Ranch. Now, Rose Lindsey was Ivan's girl. No one, save Swede, himself, knew that down deep in his boyish heart he had a great love for little Rose, for Ivan had never spoken of his secret to any one. But, "still water runs deep" and the love was there. Now as Swede neared Rose's home, he decided that he would stop and talk a few minutes with Rose, who was standing near the front gate.

"I'll say, 'Rose, are you going to Sunday School next Sunday?'" Then she will say, 'yes,' and I'll say, 'well, if I come by with Jury will you go with me?'" Thus mused Ivan as he neared the gate. But alas, it takes a brave heart to win a fair maiden. As Swede passed by he muttered in a trembling voice, "Hello Rose, how'd you like the ball game?" and then walked rapidly on down the lane. Girls were Ivan's weak point. Swede would fight the biggest boy in the school, but talk to a girl!—well, no; that was a horse of another color.

Several years had passed by. Swede was a Senior in the Galt High School and Rose was a Junior. Ivan had outgrown his bashfulness, and he and Rose spent a great deal of their time together. In fact they had a typical high School "Case."

Ivan was still a baseball player. The National Pastime was his favorite game. During his four years in High School, he had been a member of the team and had always played a rattling good game.

In his last year in school, he captained the team, and won the championship of the valley. His playing was brilliant, especially in fielding, headwork, and base-running. He was the same peppery boy that he had been in his younger days.

A year or so after Graduation, Ivan joined the fast Galt amateur team. After one season with the "bushers," The Sacramento Bee announced that the local club of the Pacific Coast League, had signed young Swede Olson, the fast busher from Galt. Immediately Ivan was the receiver of innumerable congratulations from his friends, not the least cordial of which came from Rose Lindsey. A few days later Ivan left for the spring training camp at Paso Robles.

For several weeks after the season opened, Swede graced the bench, but finally an injury to the regular second baseman, afforded Ivan his first opportunity to play before a crowded grandstand. Ivan made the most of his opportunity and never again did he "warm the bench," when in good physical condition.

For two years Ivan remained in the Coast League. Then, to the sorrow of the Sacramento fans, Swede was drafted by Cleveland, in the Ameriean League.

In March of the following year, Ivan packed his trunk and left for Hot Springs, Arkansas, the spring training camp of the Naps. A few days later,

Swede, along with about twenty other recruits, was busily preparing for the opening game of the season. Then a little hard luck befell him. Like many other aspiring youngsters, he was too anxious to make a good impression on the management and press agents. As a result, when the Umpire announced the Cleveland battery for the opening game to twenty thousand baseball-hungry fans, Ivan was sitting on the bench with a very lame right arm.

The weeks passed by and thc Cleveland Club was a disappointment. Much had been expected by the fans after the great Larry La Joy had been appointed captain. "Larroping Larry" was probably one of the greatest ball players who ever swung a bat. But the team got off to a bad start and did not show any improvement. La Joy himself, who for six years had never hit below .340 dropped down to .270. The rest of the players likewise slumped, with the result that the Naps dropped into seventh place. Things were now desperete. The fans would not support a losing team and the management decided to appoint a new captain, to infuse some young blood into the team, They sent Larry West to recuperate, and placed Swede at second base.

The benefits of the plan became apparent at once. Young blood often times works miracles, especially when the youngsters are of the same type as Swede. Immediately the team took a brace and played real ball. Ivan became an idol with the fans. All over the circuit many of them turned out merely to see the Naps' new "find" perform. After a long, hard season the last day arrived. Cleveland was in second place. Swede had proved the real jewel of the baseball season. He had proved his worth. His averages for the year were as follows: batting, .294; fielding, .921. In addition he had fifty-seven stolen bags to his credit, and an average of about 1000 in aggressiveness and umpire baiting.

Ten days after the season closed, the entire population of Galt was at the depot to welcome the young hero home. It was a real welcome Ivan received from his old friends. The local brass band was in attendance and marched at the head of the parade; while at the tail end of the procession, the small boys of the town trailed along and shouted the praises of Swede.

Ivan spent the winter months at home and at Lindsey's. The time passed quickly, all too quickly for Rose and Ivan. Then in response to communications from the management of the Naps, Ivan left for Cleveland. No one but Mrs. Olson and Rose Lindsey knew the cause of his leaving two weeks earlier than usual. Ivan left with a light heart; for the evening before he had unburdened his soul of a great question in the presence of Rose, and she had blushingly answered in the affirmative.

After much "star chamber" consultation with Mr. Hedges, Ivan left for the training camp in the South. A great deal of new material had been procured, and the outlook for a pennant team was bright. La Joy was back at second and now, relieved of the worry of captaincy, he was playing as of old. Ivan was shifted to short and the combination around second was the strongest in the league.

At last the day for the opening game arrived, and thirty thousand enthusiastic fans gathered into Oak Park to cheer the popular team on to victory. Just before the game Mr. Hedges announced to the team, assembled in the

training house, that Swede Olson had been appointed captain. Immediately Ivan was busy receiving congratulations from the team. In a few moments, the name of the new captain was announced to the multitudes in the grandstand and on the bleachers. When Swede and his team appeared on the field for practice they received a more enthusiastic ovation than had ever been given a Cleveland club.

The Naps exceeded the fondest hopes of the fans and were always near the top of the percentage column. Cleveland never knew such a ball season. The fight was always close; the clubs being very closely bunched until the last month when, led on by the great little Swede, the Nap crew put on extra steam and won the pennant by the narrow margin of two games.

Cleveland was absolutely baseball mad. The papers had been publishing baseball extras for two months. The team was idolized, Swede Olson was the best known person in the city, for all "dyed in the wool" baseball fans knew that although La Joy had hit almost a hundred points higher than Ivan, still it was Swede's aggressiveness and popularity, coupled with his fine all-around playing that had done more than anything else to win the pennant.

All discussion immediately settled on the probable outcome of the classic of all baseball, the world's championship series with the New York Cubs led by Johnny Mc Grawe. However the most staunch Cleveland supporters could hardly hope for the Naps to win, for New York had won the pennant with great ease and had been able to rest her two great pitchers, "Little Six" Mathewson and Marquette for two weeks while the Cleveland pitchers had been forced to work hard right up to the final game.

The series of seven games opened in Cleveland before a great crowd of nearly forty thousand enthusiastic fans. To the surprise of nearly every single soul, the hustling Naps won out in a hard game by a score of four to three. But every one knew that the victory was a fluke, pure and simple; for in the ninth, with the score three to two in favor of the Giants and two men down, the New York left fielder fell while running after a fly ball and the pellet rolled into the crowd in left field for two bases, and two Cleveland runners crossed the plate.

The next two games were won by New York and then Cleveland won another by hard hitting, The Cubs won the third game. The Naps exceeding the hopes of their staunchest supporters, invaded New York and by working their two best pitchers, managed to even up the series at three all in a great seventeen-inning game.

Then the teams returned to Cleveland for a final game. Apparently there was no hope for Swede's gritty crew. Their pitchers were all tired out. Who would pitch for Cleveland? That was the universal question. The great Marquette was scheduled to hurl for the Giants and the chances of beating the Frenchman were indeed very slim.

At two-thirty Umpire O'Glauflin walked out on the field and silencing the thousands by raising his hand, announced that Brown would pitch for Cleveland. The announcement was not greeted with any great applause for Brown was not considered a great pitcher, as he was a "rank in and outer." At times he pitched good balls, but again he was very erratic.

The game opened with both slabsters hurling great ball. As the innings

progressed and neither side scored, the hopes of the home fans arose to a high point, and then in the sixth inning when the Naps, fighting desperately put two runs across the pan, pandemonium broke loose. The crowd surged upon the field and were only driven back by an army of policemen. When order was restored the game was resumed. Neither side scored in the seventh or eighth; but in the first half of the ninth the Naps put another man around the paths, making the score three to nothing in favor of Cleveland. Then the Giants came to bat for one last attempt to win the game, but their hopes were quickly dashed down, when the first two men flew out to the outfield. Apparently the game was won, but a slight uneasiness spread over the crowd when Brown lost control and walked the next batter. Meyers, next up, drove the ball into the left field bleachers for a home run, the score reading Naps, three; Giants, two. If Brown was derricked, who could be substituted? Swede thought the matter over, and decided to let Brown remain on the mound. The next New York man up was Larry Doyle, the great captain of the Giants. The second pitched ball was driven to center for two bags. Something must be done. A hit would tie the score. As the next batter stepped up to the plate the crowd was silent, save for the New York rooters. While La Joy held Doyle close to second, Swede ran over to Brown, held a hasty consultation and returned to his position.

"Stick it over Brown, old horse. Take your time. That stiff can't stick," chattered Swede, as he walked impatiently back and forth.

"Ball one!" bawled the umpire as Brown delivered the first pitch. Brown's next attempt was also interpreted as a ball but the next ball was grooved. Again Swede went over and whispered in Brown's ear. Then Brown delivered another ball and the batter had three balls and one strike. For the third time Swede walked to the pitcher, spoke a few hurried words, and returned to his position. Brown assumed a pitching attitude. Swede was bent forward with his hands on his knees. Doyle took a short lead off second. Ivan took a sly glance at the Cub captain. Doyle took a longer lead, so as to score on a single, but at this moment Swede lunged for Doyle, and Doyle lunged for the bag.

Umpire O'Glauflin indicated that Doyle was out, by a sweeping movement of his arm, and fifteen seconds later a wild crowd of thousands of persons was on the field. Quickly they seized the gritty Naps and started surging about the field, with the Cleveland team on their shoulders.

Two days later the team was assembled at a banquet, at the close of which Ivan handed out cards to each of his fellow players, bearing the announcement of an event to be celebrated at the Cross Roads' Methodist Church. Ten days later, Swede was at home with the "inspiration" of all his brilliant playing.

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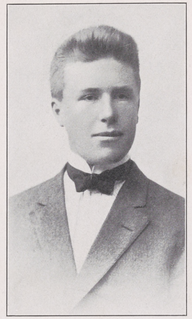
ANNETTE STUART

CHARLES MOORE

WAUNETA WATTS

DOROTHY NORRIS



KENNETH SLATER

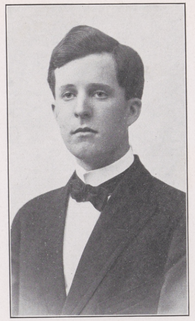
RILDA SKINNER

JOSEPHINE KELSEY

LEROY MORTON

ARLIE CORBET

HENRIETTA DRAKE



RAYMOND MOSHER

LOUISE HOBART

VINA GOODWIN

CLASS
OF
1912

LORNA DONALDSON

PHOEBE COOK

ALICE ROBERTS

ALICE BARNES

CLARA HAGERTY

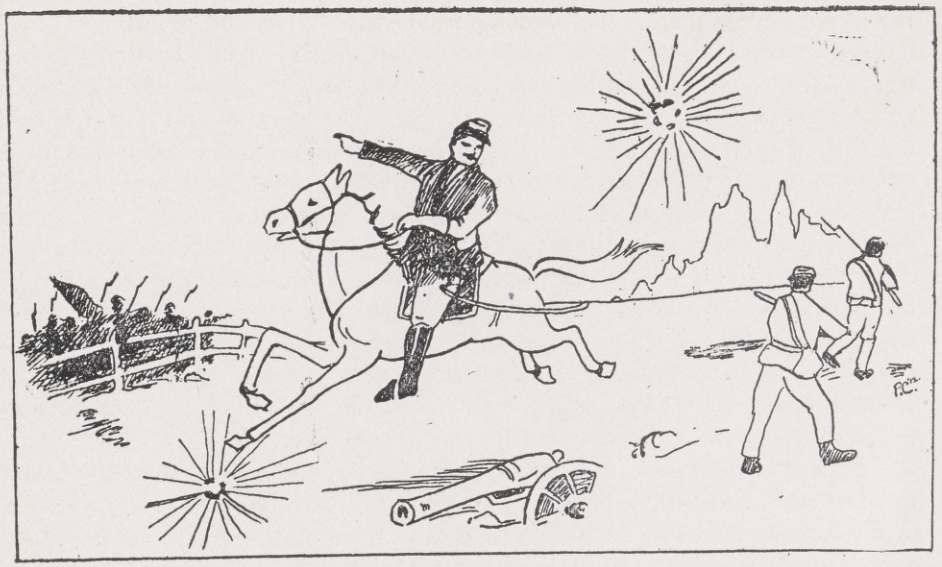
EDITH HAGERTY

BLANCHE BUTTLER

GOLDIE KENSLER

MINNIE ROWLES

RUTH BOOHER



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Editor, H. LeRoy Morton :: Assistant Editor, Minnie Rowles

Joshes—Vina Goodwin :: School Notes—Edith Hagerty :: Alumni—Waunita Watts

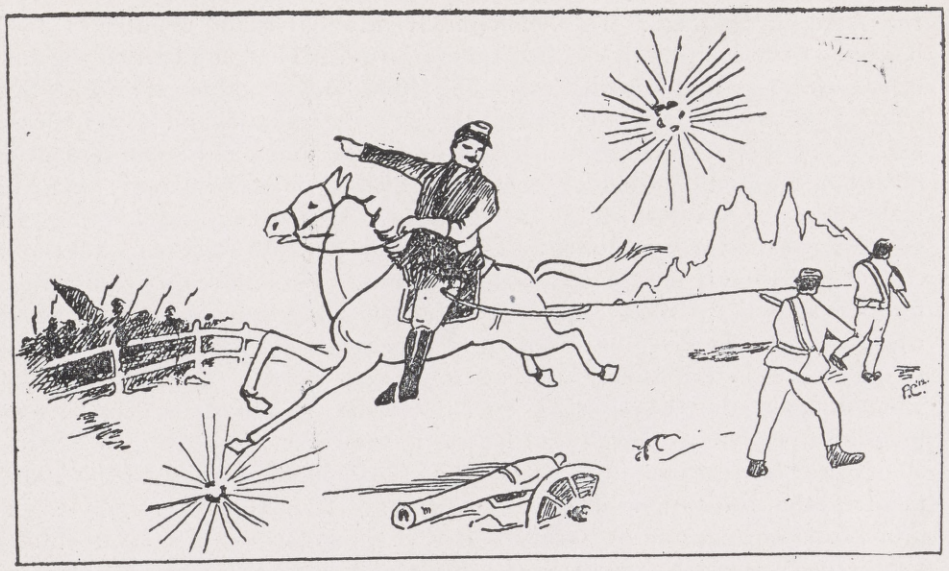
Exchanges—Goldie Kensler :: Athletics—Alfred Martel :: Artist—Phoebe Cook

Manager, Charles Moore :: Assistant Manager, Raymond Dunshee

IN the life of the individual, there will come at certain critical moments, instances where that individual must decide for the right or for the wrong. If he decides for the right, he will continue a strong, truth-loving personage. But, if he determines on the course of wrong his future career is bound to lead over stormy difficulties and bitter disappointments, and finally end in utter ruin.

It is even so in the history of Nations. Great civic problems arise and right decisions must be reached by the people of that nation or it is bound for destruction. When the Roman citizens stood for honor, truth, and moral beauty, as well as civic righteousness, no more powerful nation than this could be found the world over. The whole history of that period is a series of Roman conquests. Compare that to the period when the public became dead, and the Romans launched out on a course of wickedness and oppression. There the chronicler changes his theme. It is no longer the stories of what the powerful Romans were doing to their less powerful neighbars which graced the pages of history, but rather how the Barbarians were destroying the weakling Romans. This is a fair comparison between the effects of right and wrong, and it may be verified in the histories of Greece, Persia, Media, and other empires of earlies time.

The United States has been built up from thirteen little colonies along



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The United States has been built up from thirteen little colonies along

the Atlantic seaboard. Its development into our grand country of to-day has been truly wonderful; one great reason for this being that when the American fathers saw that injustice was being done, they stood up for right at the risk of their lives. It is true that all through the months and years succeeding the Revolution there have been misunderstandings and some dissentions, but when the final decision has been reached the American people, as a whole have always been found on the side of right. It is not the right doing of the government (for no government of itself can do anything) but rather of the right doing of the united individual citizens. The individual must decide for himself what is right and then carry out his decision. Every person, who has control of his mind is able if he gives the question, fair consideration, to determine the difference between right and wrong. Even the dissipated Romans knew they were doing evil. Not one in hundreds would have attempted to convince himself that he was in the right

Now this great conflict is on between those people who favor the abolishment of the institution of slavery and those who wish to retain it. The prohibition or retention of slavery is one of the great points at issue although another very important point is the right of a state to secede. Prohibition is a question to he decided by the individual, and as no one believes that it is right for one country to make slaves of the prisoners of war captured in a struggle with another, so must we believe that it is only right that the Negro should not be enslaved. Those who believe otherwise very probably are honest in their opinions at present. But, right will finally triumph in every individual's mind. Every man will know the right; but will he follow it? That is the question for you to decide. Rome fell because her citizens persisted in wrong doing. Surely enlightened Americans will profit by their sad example and determine on the course of right.

This is the one great problem of all ages—"Will you do what you know to be right, or that which you think will be easier and more gratifying, though wrong?" And that problem will continue to confront each individual until the end of time. That decision, when made, will determine whether the United States will continue on in her glorious career or whether she will go down into oblivion as have her predecessors.

Prophecy

THE inspiration is upon me! I have been commanded to set down what has been revealed unto me, and I must do so now My message is one of joy to a darkened age. While we are in the midst of a fearful struggle with our blood brothers, we will have this revelation of the future to demand part of our attention; for it is a vision of peace and plenty, loving interest in our neighbors, and great advancement along educational lines. I have been told to write concerning the year ending with June 1912, and my theme is centered in the little town of Mountain View in the Santa Clara Valley, California. Wonderful changes will have taken place when this period rolls around. That western country, now practically unsettled, will have been divided into numerous little fruit ranches which shall be known the world over for their excellent products. In the central part of this valley a school will be established in 1902 in this same town of Mountain View. It will have a very beautiful location, and will contain within its walls earnest students by the score.

In 1904 will graduate from this school two students—the first to attain this distinction. And know ye, fellow citizens, they will represent you in your struggles with one another in as much as one, Howard Beverly, will be a northern boy, and Edward Green, the other, will be of southern descent. But this is as far as the resemblance goes. They will be utterly lacking in any bitter feeling toward each other; on the other hand being the best of friends—chums in fact. Each appreciares that the father of the other only stood for a prineiple when he conducted himself as he did. To commemorate this evidence of the final understanding between the North and the South, the students of the Mountain View High School will select for their school colors, and also as the name of their school annual, Blue and Gray. Could

a better monument be raised to the spirit of love and understanding which now exists between former enemies?—each recognizing the other, but stood for what to them was right, even though one might have been in the wrong.

And now I must pass to the year 1911–12. In June 1912, will graduate the largest class graduated from that school from the time of the founding of the school until that time. They will be earnest students, and may be depended upon to uphold their convictions as did their fathers in the great struggle of our time. Yea! that year may truly be said to be a banner year for our high school. Even though there may be a few misunderstandings, when the final day rolls around, faculty and students will be found to be working for the same goal—the betterment of the school and the increasing of its good influence.

One grand thing to be looked upon with interest is that the students will understand one another. They will keep their spirit in both their work and play. Theirs will not be a fashionable school and consequently will not have very elaborate social affairs. On the other hand they will be very simple in their gatherings; but the spirit of friendship will be there, and that is the best of all. Following shows them in such gatherings and is appropriately called

SCHOOL NOTES!

Sept. 21st was a bright moonlight night, so it was chosen for the welcoming of the Freshman Class of 1911. The assembly hall was gaily decorated with the class colors. Here a short program was enjoyed, after which refreshments were served. Appropriate amusements were provided for the evening, and when the hour of departure arrived, the Freshmen went home contented and more at home with their surroundings.

On the evening of Nov. 31st, ghostlike figures stood out with a wierd distinctness against the blackness of the night as they flitted across the school campus and lurked in the dark recesses of the building dimly lit with Jack o'lanterns. When a great bonfire was ignited, the ghosts all assembled and enjoyed a dance and games around it, until the odor of coffee attracted them into the hall where a lot of refreshments were served. When the fire died out the happy ghosts disappeared in the direction of their homes.

"The Silent Detective," given by a cast from the Senior Class on Nov. 18th, proved a financial, as well as a social, success. The parts were well taken, and the audience enjoyed a good laugh all evening. The cast was as follows:—

Fred Howles.....Raymond Mosher
Marcia Gray.....Louise Hobart
Sarah Gray.....Dorothy Norris
Josephine Howells.....Goldie Kensler
Mrs. Jerry Willkins.....Minnie Rowles
Mr. Gray.....Charles Moore

Dr. Alcot ..... Kenneth Slater
Aunt Nellie Gray..... Arlie Corbet
Chloe..... Edith Hagerty
Jerry Willkins..... Charles Moore

Mockbee's Hall never looked more charming than on the evening of Jan. 20th, when the Juniors gave the Seniors a banquet. After the banquet the tables were removed. Dancing and games were much enjoyed, and midnight came long before it was welcome.

On the evening of Feb. 22, a colonial party was the incentive of much fun. Every one appeared in attractive colonial costume. Appropriate games were played. Ice cream and cake were served during the evening Every one went home wishing there was more than one George Washington.

The Junior and Senior debate on March 1st, aroused much class spirit. The question was—"Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished." The Seniors on the affirmative won by a small percentage.

The Senior girls, in appreciation of the victory on the part of the boys, came to school a few days later laden with "goodies." A picnic was enjoyed beneath the oaks that noon hour.

On March 14th a concert was given in Swall's Hall. Music by the San Jose High School Orchestra, Physical culture exercises by the Senior Class and a couple of other numbers completed the program, after which a dance was enjoyed.

The Sophomore Class was enjoyably entertained at the home of Mrs. Dunshee.

The Junior girls spent a delightful Saturday at the home of Mrs. Setzer.

"The Blue and Gray" goes to press too early to tell of the success of "Down in Dixie," a war play, to be given on June 22nd. However the play is a clever one, calling for good acting and deep emotion, and the cast hope to, and will supply what the play demands. The cast is as follows:

Colonel Wells—An officer of the Union Army—Raymond Mosher.
Captain Bradley—of the Confederate Army—Lloyd Bacon.
Mr. Dussenberry—A member of Congress—Harold Mosher.
George Washington Bangs—A Herald Reporter—Graden Poppleton.
Corporal Hooligan—A "true blue" Vet—Donald McKeen.
Hezekiah Sniffins—A degenerate Yankee—Earnest Loucks.
Billings—Bradley's Henchman—Walter Goodwin.
Uncle Mosley—A faithful slave—Carlton Rouse.
Helen Trevoir—A southern heiress—Edith Hagerty.
Molly Martin—Her lively friend—Dorothy Norris.
Mrs. Dussenberry—A business woman—Arlie Corbet.
Susannah—"Jis a back nigger"—Goldie Kensler.

So you see how the students will be with one another when they natu-

rally mingle, but this is not the only sphere in which they excel. In competition with other schools they will also be found at their best, for in fairness and true sportsmanship theirs is to be recognized as among the few schools where there can be no questions asked over fair play. Although when in competition with the larger schools, Mountain View High may be worsted very often, when in games with schools of her own size she will more than hold her own. The athletes will be found to be among the cleanest in the country and they will know that integrity in reputation and character is one of the most-to-be-desired attributes of mankind. On the athletic field they will be filled with that "never say die" sport spirit which has always made good results certain. Let me give you some incidents as they happen to the Blue and Gray boys and girls when competitors in

ATHLETICS

We feel greatly rejoiced this year because of the fact that a decided improvement in our position in athletics has taken place. At the beginning of the first semester, it seemed that a successful year was improbable, for we had lost some of our best athletes through graduation the previous term. But the enthusiasm of the Blue and Gray did not fail, and we hope, exceeded even the fondest hopes of the enthusiastic students. We have made the best record of any school year up to this one; and this in spite of the facts that we are handicapped by the lack of anything resembling a cinder path, and that our baseball field is covered with rocks which do not seem to disappear even after innumerable rakings by the boys. The students surely would appreciate it if the tax payers could find it possible to provide them with adequate means with which to prepare for a contest; and I am safe in saying that the results would more than justify the expenditure.

BASEBALL

Our success this year in this National pastime has been more than gratifying considering the accomodtions for training. With Kenneth Slater as captain and Walter Swall pitching fine ball, the boys made a very good showing. The infield was good, but the outfield was a trifle weak in batting and covering territory. Still, they were trying all the time.

Tne boys tried so hard in fact, that they won the I. A. U. championship this year. This is the first time we have won this championship, and we are iustly proud of the team that accomplished the task. We did not win in the A. A. L. this year, but we hope to next. We will have a veteran team with the exception of the catcher, Captain Slater. The scores in the league games were as follows:

Mountain View—5, Los Gatos—4 (A. A. L.)
" " 5, Campbell—7 (A. A. L.)
" " 3, San Jose—10, (A. A. L.)
" " 7, Los Gatos—4, (I. A. U.)
" " 10, Campbell—8, (I. A. U.)

TRACK

Our track team this year was composed of both old and new material, and judging by the records they set up, this is the best team Mountain View ever possessed. The Cross Country team was the best high school team in the state. We entered the A. A. L. Cross Country Run in San Francisco on February 22nd and won easily over Cogswell Polytecnic High School of San Francisco, our nearest competitor. LeRoy Morton led the field over the four and one half miles course in twenty-five min , 14 sec., finishing nearly one quarter of a mile in the lead. James Dermody also ran well, finishing third, with Earnest Loucks eighth, Otis Dunn tenth, and Ira Higgins twelfth. For their good work the boys received the A. A. L. Championship Cup which we will keep for one year. This Cup must be won three years by one school before it becomes the permanent property of any school. With a team of four veterans (Morton graduating this year) we will hope for, and expect, the keeping of the cup right here at Mountain View. This is the first cup that the school has ever won and we are justly proud of the boys who did the good work.

Morton has entered five events when cups are offered as trophies. Each time he has had to go outside of his class and compete with Club Athletes; but he has made good. Each time he has brought home a cup—one first place, one third place, one fourth place and two high school cups.

Our other boys have not been idle while the Cross Country boys were winning honors. Far from it. Our team entered the I. A. U. Track Meet and won first with ridiculous ease, scoring 85 points to Los Gatos' 23. (Los Gatos was our closest competitor). Our boys did fine work—placing in every event except the discus, and in that event we had no entry. Urban was the particular star, winning 23 points, Martel and Loucks also did well winning 12 and 13½ points respectively. A great many records were broken, our boys being responsible for a majority of them. Where our boys finished:

High Jump—Martel 2nd, Swall and Loucks, 3rd.
Mile Run—Dermody 3rd.
100 yds.—Urban 1st, Martel 2nd, Dunshee 3rd. 10 3-5, record.
50 yds.—Urban 1st, Martel 2nd.
220 yds.—Dunshee 1st, Martel 2nd, Poppleton 3rd.
440 yds.—Loucks 1st, Poppleton 2nd.
880 yds.—Loucks 2nd.
220 hurdles—Urban 1st, Wright 2nd, Rec. 28 sec.
Pole Vault—Dunshee 1st, Loucks 2nd, Swall 3rd, Rec. 9 ft. 7 in.
Hammer—Urban 2nd.
Broad Jump—Urban 1st, Loucks 2nd, 20 ft. 10 in. Rec.
Shot Put—Swall 1st.
Relay—Mountain View 1st team—Martel, Dunshee, Poppleton, and Urban. Record, 1:40 4-5.

Urban has made a good name for h imself as a high school hurdler. Though handicapped by a sore knee all season he has scored many points,

He won second in the A. A, L. track meet and third in the Berkeley Interscholastic Meet. We expect to hear more of him and many of the other stars, among them Dunshee, Martel, Loucks, Swall, and Poppleton next year.

BASKET BALL

The girls have done very well in Basket Ball this year. The only reason they did not win the I. A. U. championship was that the other schools in that league would not enter teams against ours. Only one game has been lost out of the five played and that to the fast San Jose team. Our team will be badly crippled next year because of the graduation of four sterling players, namely Goldie Kensler, Edith Hagerty, Clara Hagerty, and Rilda Skinner. But we know they will build up a good team next year and fight hard, just as the girls did this year. The game we are especially proud of is the game in which Mountain View tied Stanford University at 22 to 22.

The games played.

Nov. 9 M. V. 29, Palo Alto 17.
Nov. 27 M. V. 30, Redwood 2.
Feb. 2 M. V. 30, Redwood 4.
Mar. 22 M. V. 19. San Jase 37.
May 1 M. V. 22, Stanford University 22.

That is how the Athletic page of The Blue and Gray will read in 1912. But that is not all that Mountain View students will have to be proud of. On the other hand they will have something to be very much more proud of, and that is their Alumni. From year to year, commencing with 1904, and then onward, will graduate from that school, serious minded young people who intend to make their mark in the world. Perhaps they will not all be noted for their exceptional brilliancy, but they will surely all be known by their integrity and perseverance and will be found in every honest walk in life. Glance over the list. Perhaps you will meet one some day. Here are the notes of the

ALUMNI

"Oh, I wish I were back in Mountain View High. It has been ages since I left school!" This is the sentiment expressed in a letter from one of the graduates of the Class of '11, and it certainly expresses the feeling of every graduate. In the following notes we endeavor to give as accurately as possible, information as to the whereabouts of the Alumni during the past year.

Edward Green '04, Teaching in the High School at Billings Bay, Wash.

Alice Whittemore '05, Teaching in the Mountain View Grammar School.

John Bubb '06, Has been with a civil engineer corps in the oil fields near Coalings.

Mrs. S. V. Addato (Edna Higgins) '05, living in San Jose.

Rosa Sturla '06, Teaching in Colma, Cal.

Mrs. R. K. Barry (Ruby Trubschenck) '06 living in Salinas.

Louis Wagner '06, Employed by Johnson's Drug store, Mountain View, Cal.

Willard Ayer '06, Has charge of a substation and also employed in Ludemann's delicatessen store in Oakland.

Charles Atkins '07, Living in San Jose.

Mae Cushing (Mrs. Totman) '07, Teaching in Nevada Co., California.

Claude Shull '08, Teaching in Walla Walla, Washington.

Wm. Goodwin '08, Attending Stanford.

Mrs. C. E. Newnan (Alice Hill) '08, Living in Mountain View.

Mrs. Olin Tait (Alice Chapman) 08', Living in Mountain View.

Max Ish '08, Working in Palo Alto.

Wm. Garliepp '08, Employed at Capital Hotel, Sacramento.

Henrietta Bar '08. Book-keeping in San Mateo,

Adeline Chapman '08, Teaching in Walla Walla, Washington.

Barbara Knox '08, Attending Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, Maryland. Still living in Washington, D. C.

Rose Baker '09, Teaching in Pescadero Grammar School.

Mary Eastwood '09, Teaching in Siskiyou Co., California.

Jennie Cushing '09, Teaching in Asti, Sonoma Co., California,

Agnes Urban '09, Attending San Jose Normal.

Miriam Burton '09, Studying music at the College of the Pacific.

Mrs. Louis Dickson (Ysabel Morton) Living in Mountain View.

Roy Frick '09, Living in Mountain View,

Nellie Garliepp '09, Employed in District Attorney A. M. Free's Office, San Jose.

Albert Dickson '09, Attending Loma Linda Medical College in Southern California,

John Sinz '09, Employed by United States Steel Product Co., San Francisco.

Electa Burkett '10, Attending San Jose Normal,

Irene Weber '10, Attending San Jose Normal.

Victor Smith '10, Studying Aviation in San Diego.

Pearl True '10, Attending San Jose Normal.

Natalie Macrum '10, Attending Stanford.

Helen Evans, '10, Living in Mountain View.

Mrs. Clarance Hustler (Catherine Day) '10, Living in Sunnyvale.

Frank Herbert '10, Attending University of California.

Dan Ames '10, Working in Power House at Avila, California.

Roscoe Duernberger '10, Attending Stanford.

Helen Drake '10, Attending Pacific Union College, St. Helena.

Eva Newnan '10, Attending Stanford.

Ewart Brightman '10, Working in Portland, Oregon,

Fanny Distel '10, Living in Mountain View,

Leslie Morton '11. Living in Mountain View.
Elizabeth Harcourt '11, Attending San Jose Normal.
Raymond Frazer '11, Working at Hughson, Stanislaus Co., California.
Joseph Pasaol '11, Attending Stanford.
Rudolph Swall '11, Working in Palo Alto.
Joyce Colvin '11, Attending San Jose Normal
Bernard Mason '11, Attending Agricultural College, Davis, California.
Delma Phelps '11, Attending San Jose Normal.
Ottillie Hoernig '11, Attending Stanford.
Luro Rankin '11, Studying music in Quincy, Illinois. Living in Payson, Ill.
Carrie Center '11, Living in Mountain View.
Frances Huntington '11, Attending Stanford.
Joseph Urban '11, Post Graduate at Mountain View High School.
Edith Housman '11, Attending College of the Pacific.
Martha Job '11, Attending Stanford.
Frank O'Connell '11, Attending Stanford.
Bess Gwartney '11, Attending San Jose Normal.

And now we pass to another sphere—the realm of Josh. Would their's not be a poor institution indeed if they had no appreciation of the ridiculous or amusing events which must happen in all natural college or academic life. The ability to give or take a joke is one of the greatest accomplishments that a man may acquire and I am glad to say that the students of this school will have accomplished this goal. They will be very good at getting the joke on the other fellow but will excel when it comes to appreciating the joke when it is on themselves. Read these and see if you have met with a better column of

JOSHES

Miss P— What advantage was it to Richardson to write these "Love Letters" for the woman?

R. M.— Practice, I guess.

G. P.— Is that how you got yours, Roy?

Miss P.— (to Ray D, who didn't know his History.) And I saw Raymond wasting time talking to the ladies,

R. D.— That time wasn't wasted.

Miss Ward and Wooley.

Every day at school 'tis found
The students all kick my Wooley around.
Makes no difference if, taint leather bound,
They've got to stop kicking my Wooley around.

Mr. Zahn— Give me the principal parts of the verb can.

A. C.— Can, Can't, Canned.

W. D.— (Discussing a foot-ball game). "You know young Urban, well he's going to be our best man soon."

A. H.— "Oh, Walter, what a nice way to propose."

E. H.— (Ruth reciting.) I can't hear.

Teacher— I'm having a hard time looking straight at her.

DAFFODILS

If Lola is Brown should May Dyer?
If Gladys kissed Alfred would Martel?
If a tourist got lost, would Willie Formway?
If a chain broke, would Edith Link?
If a steak is rare, is Otis Dunn?
If a chicken got through a fence, would Alva Cooper?
If Riley died, would Margaret Wright?
It Ira tells the truth, would Louis Sinz?
If Iva were a mermaid, would Marshall Fisher?
If Jack Johnson's aim is weak, is Leona's Armstrong?
If Le Roy Morton was a competitor in a cross country race would Walter Good-win?
If Miss Ward knows Algebra, what does Semi-no?
If Marguerite Petzinger weighed a ton, how much would Will Formway?

Miss Ward--(In Eng. II) "Donald Lowry is going to give a lecture in the town hall, on Prison Reform next Friday night."

Sophomores—(who have other engagements) "Oh, why didn't they have him come some other night?"

Niss W.— "You must take a man when you can get him."

Teacher— In the old town-meetings in New England, the Surveyors of the Highways settled the disputes of neighbors, over property lines. How do we settle such disputes now?

E. H.— In the backyard.

"Sambo, what's you doing these days?"
"I'se oculist in er hotel."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes, I cuts eyes out of potaters."

Ex.

Notice seen on the blackboard.

"The fellow that ran off with my 'Lady of the Lake,' return at once to John Morris."

G. P.—(Reading in English Class.)

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!

A is the Mark
Of Annette the shark,
B is for boys,
Who create the noise.
C stands for Charlie,
Most exceedingly jolly.
D is for Dot,
Who would queen a lot.
E is for Emmons,
The dealers in lemons.
F is for Frosh
Too babyish to josh.
G is for Gladys,
Who ranks not with the saddest.
H is for Hoernig,
So eager for learning.
I is for Irene,
A Junior serene.
J is for June,
Vacation comes soon.
K Is for Kate,
Who always comes late.
L is for Louis Sinz,
Who keeps the faculty on pins.
M is for Mosher,
The constant proposer.
N is for notes,
Which 'round the hall floats.
O is the nothing
We get for our bluffing.
P is for Poppleton,
Who trys hard to run.
Q stands for the queeners
Sometimes called Seniors.
R is for Roy
The speed marvel boy.
S is for Slater,
The woman hater.
T stands for Tennis Court,
The queener's resort.
U is for the Urban lad,
Who hurdles not bad.
V is for Vic
Slick at a trick.
W is for Ward
A shark at the board.
X is the variable

To all freshmen, terrible.
Y is our "yelling"
Not worth the telling.
Z is for Zahn
Who gives us the can.

Oh the meanness of a Junior,
when he's mean.
Oh the leanness of a Senior,
when she's lean.

But the meanness of the mean
And the leanness of the lean
Isn't in it with the greenness
Of a Freshman when he's green.

Ex.

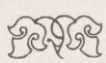
Miss P.—(In Eng. Lit.) Have you read any letters written by Moore?
Class— No, but Minnie has.

ODE TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

(Contributed by our Freshman poet.)

Oh! Great Scott, how I wish you were alive
That on your skin I could turn loose a bee hive,
And that they would sting you so you would quake
And you'd never write another "Lady of the Lake."

Here we sit, poor Genevieve and I
Trying to wade in when the stuff is knee-high.
I wish when you'd write you'd use English that's plain,
Because to tell you the truth, this gives me a pain.



We Would Like to Know:

How many times Walter Swall has his shoes soled a month?
Why the Physical Geography class enjoyed the "Study of the Stars?"
Where the powdered sugar and lemons went that were in the Botany Room?
Why Louise has such a fondness for music?
Why Minnie and Alice always play tennis at noon?

A Date to be Remembered:

Nov. 14, 1911.— When Peacock wore his first long trousers.

SONG OF A SENIOR

Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
Is the song that the summer sings;
But the days I spent on pleasures bent,
Have sped on their ceaseless wings,

Wait! Wait! Wait!
Oh my heart in your misery;
But the work abused and the time I used,
Will never return to me.—Ex.

FOUND IN ROUSE'S HISTORY

"Good little boys should love their sisters, but so good have I grown
That I love other boys' sisters as well as my own."

Teacher—"What outside reading have you done?"
H. D.— "Why I haven't got anything except—Oh-Fisher."

LATEST BOOKS

Eyes like the Sea. Faculty.
How to keep "Kuhl" (cool) G. K.
Moore's Universal Assistant. M. R.
How to Entertain the Girls. R. M.
Perpetual Motion. K. S.

Miss P.—(to Ray) Tell me what Goldie's stuck on.
G. K.— Oh, you'll have to do some tall guessing.
Class.— Did anybody say Barry?

Miss Ward— (In Algebra I) What does X always equal?
D. M.— Exes always equal flunks for me.

Smart Junior to Prescott— "Say there, you don't need to go getting 'Gay,' showing off your tricks around here."

Prescott— "There's where I got one on you, I took her riding Sunday, and to the show the other evening, that looks like a pretty good stand in."

Senior— Isn't it time to eat?
Freshman— Can't you think of something else besides eating?
Senior— Why no, I was always noted for being a deep thinker.

John and his sister, Mary, six and seven respectively, were eating their dinner, when the fish was served wearing the bones. John asked what all those little sharp things were. "Why, Silly," said Mary, "those are splinters where he rubbed against a fish pole.

He said— I'll bet there was a funny smell around the Mediterranean Sea after the decay of Rome.

NOT ACCORDING TO RULES

Sophomore— Dutch was put out of the game last night.
Freshman—What for?
Sophomore— He forgot to shave, and was disqualified for roughness.
—Ex.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Alfred—mussed his hair.
Earnest— went queening.
Eleanor— stopped smiling.
Bill— wore his own neckties.
Dorothy— cracked a good joke.
Louise— came to school a whole week.
Fido— combed his hair.
Clarence— would hurry.
Minnie— wasn't always hollering for Moore.
Donald Mc.— tried to flirt.

K. S.— Translating German. "My wife, however, was not satisfied."
Class— Ha! Ha!

K. S. (to G. P. who had been discussing the effect of opium and liquor on different individuals.) How is it, Glenn, that you have so much knowledge on this subject?
G. P.— How could you help it when such people lived all around you?
R. M.— Why, he lives next door to the Moshers.

Teacher— When Jimmy called you a liar, did you remember and return a soft answer?
Johnny— Yes-um—I hit him with a rotten termater.—Ex.

Teacher— Now, we will represent the moon by my hat.
Kid— Teacher, is the moon inhabited?—Ex.

Sam— Paul, do you suppose old maids ever kiss?
Paul— Well, what do you want to know for? Did you ever kiss one?
Sam--- No, but I've tasted green persimmons.---Ex.

Miss Sweetness--- Oh, Mr. Nocoin, how lovely of you to bring me these brautiful roses. How fresh they are. I do believe there is a little dew on them yet.
Nr. Nocoin--- Well, yes there is, but I will pay it to-morrow.---Ex.

Now if you've met some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a joke,
Just laugh! don't be too wise.—Ex.

Last but not least, we come to the Exchange department. This department should be the crowning feature of every high school annual. It will show you your past mistakes in attempting a paper, and will encourage or criticize as the occasion shall demand. In this column the editor may determine if he has won success in placing his highest aims as an editor within the reach of the mind of his contemporary editors. (Here's hoping the Blue and Gray will not be misunderstood). In 1912 will come issues from many schools, which will be greatly appreciated and thankfully received by the staff and we hope that the 1912 issue will bring many more exchanges. They will all be welcome. Here below is our idea of how this column should be compiled. Thereforc we ask you to read the

EXCHANGES

In criticising a school paper, one should consider the number of students enrolled. This fact is often overlooked. We give credit to papers where perhaps there is an extremely large attendance, and the credit is therefore not exactly deserved. On the other hand. we may criticize papers rather harshly, which should receive an encouraging word.

The schools whose finances limit them to a small paper, have all the better opportunity to make excellent what they do have, that is to select the best material for the right department, and, with the addition of a few cuts, make up an ideal paper.

Very often we hear this remark, "The Exchanges are always the same, why don't you say something new?" "It's always, don't mix ads with read ing matter," "more cuts," absence of name," and so on; the same thing all the time. No one regrets this more than the exchange editor does, but, how is it to be remedied? The same papers come back with the same mistakes time after time, and, in answer to their requests and criticisms, we tell them

the same old story over again. If one is a close observer, it may be noticed that the two common criticisms of papers are these; the absence of an attractive cover, and, the interspersing of the ads among the reading matter. Lack of funds may cut down on the quality of paper used, and the cuts; but no paper, however poor, need make the above mentioned common mistakes.

On account of lack of funds we could not send out many of our 1911 papers, and, consequently we have not received as many exchanges as we desired. We expect to make up the loss by sending out a great number of exchanges this year.

"O wad some power the Giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

"Echo June 1911" Lincoln, Cal.

Three cheers for the "Echo!" You have made a good beginning. Keep it up. You are a neat and well arranged paper. The Josh column deserves special mention; it is large, snappy and to the point. Improve the cuts. Congratulations for the "school spirit" of your students, clearly shown by your great number of organizations, borh literary and musical.

"Oak Leaves, 1911" Morgan Hill, Cal.

Your commencement number is very good, the literary department especially so. Make your Joshes more general. Your cuts are commendable. Come again; we are glad to see you on our exchange table.

"Crimson and Gold." Colton, Cal.

We are glad to see that you represent the entire student body and not the Senior class alone. The idea of the black and white cuts give a pleasing effect to the paper. Your literary department is worthy of the name. Your josh column could be somewhat improved. Welcome to our exchange ranks!

"Madrono" Palo Alto, Cal.

We have on our exchange table two copies of "Madrono." The "Holiday Number" cover design is very attractive. The athletic cuts are of special interest. You are one of our most faithful exchanges, and our students look forward to your arrival. The only fault that we can find with "Madrono" is that it is rather small.

"The Elm 1911" San Mateo, Cal.

Hurrah! You are the best exchange of the past year. You are interesting from cover to cover. Your literary department is very well balanced with 'Melita" standing foremost. We can find but one fault, and that is that one member seems to have done most of the work. You surely have others of talent. "Variety is the spice of life." Develop this and your paper will be among the very best.

"The Sequoia 1911," Redwood City, Cal.

Your commencement number is one to be proud of. All departments are well represented. Come again!

"Manzanita Bark". Palo Alto, Cal.

You are our "last but not the least" exchange. Your cover is suggestive of the snappy and spicy material contained therein. Why not enlarge your josh department? Accept congratulations

A Fishing Trip

'TWAS the night before April,
We lay in our beds;
Our hearts were a ticking
Like the clock at our heads.

The alarm began twanging,
We sprang out of bed.
It was three in the morning.
Our heads felt like lead.

The grub that we cooked
Was fit but for boys.
We ate fast and hearty,
And made lots of noise.

We grabbed up our tackle,
And rushed down the hill,
The faster one went
The less likely to spill.

The first on the creek
Fell over a rock,
And gave the poor trout
A fright of a shock.

With a nice little worm
Dangling free from a hook,
A big papa trout,
To entice from his nook.

When the afternoon rays
Filtered down through the trees,
We slunk from the gulch
With our baskets of—leaves.

Carlton Rouse, '14

Hartley Hardware Company

Review and Advertisement

TEMPUS FUGIT! Another year, another BLUE AND GRAY, Commencement, "Sweet-girl-graduates," Holidays, End of School, and time again to advertise. A year replete with changes, improvements and progress beyond the average in this world of advancement. Perhaps one of the most important of these changes has been the adoption of Equal Suffrage in California, and to the girls, now embryotic political factors, as well as the boys, political economy brings new interest, and it cannot receive too careful study, for politics, properly applied, is simply business. Too many vote their prejudices instead of their interests and then complain of the very results they voted tor.

But the world is fast becoming a world of better understanding and diversified knowledge. Students, striking out from the beaten paths of precedent and dogmas of antiquity, are thinking for themselves,—using their brains and the endowments of Nature, instead of accepting as gospel all that they are told. It has been found that knowledge is power,—that the fellow who knows more than you do holds you over, and VICE VERSA, and that it is possible to know all that anybody knows. Time was when the world was taught to be flat, and we are still instructed by learned astronomers that the sun is a ball of consuming fire, sending out heat by direct radiation to the earth; that this vast conflagration is rapidly burning itself out and the sun is gradually shrinking and in due time will become extinct, when the earth will become a frozen planet and all life will perish. It is found that astronomers possess no secret information that we may not all read and know, and it is ours to apply our own reasoning powers to natural philosophy and make our own deductions; to doubt for ourselves the possibility that heat could radiate ninety-three million miles through cold, negative space; to doubt for ourselves that the sun's rays come from a consuming fire, and to believe for ourselves that if they did the sun would have burned out and ceased countless millions of eons ago; to believe for ourselves that the sun's rays are electric currents and that electricity, a fire that does not consume, is sending out these currents from the sun, acting as the great central dynamo of the universe, to the earth and other planets of this system, as other suns or dynamos are sending out currents to other systems, throughout the cosmic constellation, worlds without end, amen, and that these currents have thus been heating this cold old world from the beginning and will go right along distributing heat and giving life and light to this and other planets through a never ending eternity; and that, instead of a ball of consuming fire, gradually burning itself out, the sun may be an inhabited planet, possessing as beneficent a climate as the earth and other planets.

HOWEVER, this is supposed to be an advertisement of the HARTLEY HARD-HARDWARE COMPANY, and not a lecture, and we gladly welcome the opportunity to extend thanks for a largely increased patronage through a year of hard work supplying the wants of our customers, old and new, enlarging stocks and adding new lines, and thus in our small way adding our mite to the importance of Mountain View as a trading center,—for every dollar in goods brought to the town by its merchants, adds to the importance and property value of the town and enhances the value of adjacent farms, thus enabling many to sell at good prices and become rich. It is a well known fact that farms near a thriving town with live merchants carrying good stocks, are more valuable than farms ten miles away. The purchaser looking for a farm prefers a place near such a town. A railroad running through a farm but with no town near, does not increase its valuation. It is the men who are putting their time, their money their energy into laying in stocks, building up the town, paving streets, building sidewalks, sewers, water works, schools, churches, and other public institutions, who enhance the value of the farms, while the farmer does his part by patronizing the merchants, and thus their interests become mutual. But if the farmer sends his money to catalogue houses in Chicago or elsewhere, or spends it in other towns, it goes to enhance the value of the farms adjacent to those towns instead of his own. If the merchants do not prosper it is a sure thing the town cannot. When you want an article in a hurry it often saves you time and money to find it at home. The more you patronize your home merchants the better prices they can make you, for prices are governed by volume, but they must make a profit or go out of business. We sell nothing that we do not guarantee, and you often find it a convenience to bring back and exchange articles you have bought. and we are right here to "make good."while if goods from the east turn out defective or not as expected, or you should change your mind, it is then too late to regret and you are "stung."

Again thanking you for your liberal patronage and awaiting your further valued orders, which always receive our very best attention and care, we are,

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Educate yourself to wear J. U. clothes and you would have no other.

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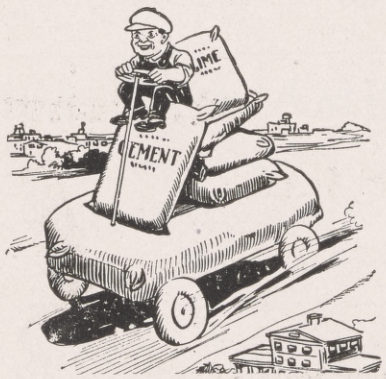

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MINTON LUMBER COMPANY

The Register-Leader

IS a weekly newspaper with a job printing attachment, where some really good printing may be had.

This number of The Blue and Gray was printed there in a big rush. It is not a really fair sample of what the shop can do under favorable circumstances.

THE Register-Leader is the firm friend of the school, the home and the native land. You should read it.

Mountain View, California.

Why not break away from the beaten path—do something different. Do you realize that the very reason you are doing what you do to-day is because some one else did something different, and now "everybody's doing it?" That, wearing Sophomore perfect clothes. Sold by

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